

STREET & SMITH'S

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PICTURE PLAY

OCTOBER



ENTS
ENGLAND



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PICTURE PLAY

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NERVOUS BREAK-DOWNS OF THE STARS

What causes them? Why do players need frequent vacations of from two weeks to three months? Studio stenographers who work fifty weeks a year at high tension do not collapse under the strain. Nor do directors and their assistants. Yet stars frequent hospitals and sanitariums, rest cures and the like when they are not going to Europe.

Why should this be? Are actors and actresses more delicate than ordinary folk? With all their athletics, training and outdoor life? Certainly not! In next month's Picture Play, Helen Pade will answer your questions. She will tell you what causes collapses and breakdowns. You'll be amazed.

DAVID MANNERS RALPH BELLAMY

Admirers of these two favorites constantly clamor for news of their respective activities, glimpses of them as they really are and not as the press agents would have them.

November Picture Play will satisfy this growing demand. Madeline Glass "tells all" about Mr. Manners, and Dena Reed captures Mr. Bellamy in New York for the delectation of his especial legion.

KAY FRANCIS AND HOLLYWOOD

What is her attitude toward the place that has lifted her to wealth and fame? It is unlike that of any other star. She doesn't *hate* it—she is too intelligent for that—but she says, "With the greatest talent in the world here in our midst, nothing great ever goes out of Hollywood. Can you name one finished artist whom Hollywood has developed and sent to other fields?"

Samuel Richard Mook has written the most astonishing article about Miss Francis ever to be published. It will be in Picture Play for November.

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FAVORITES of the FANS

JULIETTE COMPTON



Photo by Elmer Fryer

GLEND FARRELL

HER crisp humor and good-natured tolerance, her ability to take care of herself in any company, and her ease in tossing off wisecracks as if they were her own—these are some of the qualities that have endeared Glenda Farrell to fans during her brief, but feverishly active, career on the screen. Dashing from one film to another, she always stands out.

ANN HARDING

LOVELY dignity and firm, though tactful, adherence to ideals; a low, smooth voice in which can be heard the echo of silver bells; a white lily in a crystal vase tall and slim—these are thoughts that Ann Harding stirs in her fans. They follow her fortunes on the screen and live them as their own, supreme tribute to a great actress.



'TWIXT SUMMER AND FALL

Some of the nicest girls—and
the most tasteful—show you
what they are wearing be-
tween seasons in Hollywood.

MARGARET LINDSAY

KAY JOHNSON

JULIE HAYDON

PERT KELTON

HELEN COLLINS





MORE beautiful than ever because she is beautified by her natural chestnut-bronze hair, Madge Bellamy returns to the screen and her old love, Fox! Here's hoping she will make box-office history again as she did in "Sandy" and "Mother Knows Best!"

THANK goodness there's one star left with courage to go to Hollywood in a big way—the right way, of course! Carl Brisson, the grand guy you liked in "Murder at the Vanities," doesn't believe in repressing his personality or his grin.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



MYRNA LOY

LAURELS for the lady, low bows to *la Loy*. We who take stars for granted should realize that Myrna has done more than any one else in Hollywood to achieve complete and satisfying self-expression. Will power intelligently directed has made her what she is to-day, a lovely artist beyond compare.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull





Photo by George Hurrell

TINIEST of tiny stars, Marian Nixon has the spirit and the endurance of her Finnish ancestors. At heart she is a great, big viking! How else to account for her long, steadfast career which has survived depressions galore?

Talent and determination is the rest of the answer.

MARIAN NIXON



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

BARBARA STANWYCK has not toiled to transform herself into a lady. She doesn't give a hoot for glamour, for gorgeous clothes, for the admiration of men at large. She lacks both the wish and the ability to dramatize her personal self. And yet, by some quirk, on the screen she is an intense, intuitive actress with remarkable talent, a brilliant, modern personality. Read more of Ben Maddox's estimate of her on the opposite page.

ALWAYS EXASPERATIN'

That's as Barbara Stanwyck describes herself. But that is only because she is so frank in telling about her relations with Hollywood. You must read how her views have changed during her five years in pictures.

By Ben Maddox

WHEN I saw Barbara Stanwyck actually dancing and having fun at the last Mayfair Ball, I looked thrice to be certain I was still seeing right. Next morning I wired the editor that evidently there was a *new* Stanwyck, and hadn't I better investigate? He responded, "Immediately!"

What did this mingling with the screen's four hundred portend? Barbara heretofore had scorned the stellar swirl and had given us to understand that she'd rather be caught dead than partying.

I watched her enjoy that evening with her fellow stars and suddenly I recollected the huge Spanish mansion she bought a year or so ago. It is directly opposite Joan Crawford's, in Brentwood Heights, and quite dwarfs our dramatic divorcée's abode. In fact, the Stanwyck place, from point of size, is just about the most spectacular number in town.

And remember when she used to insist she'd never settle down in a home, especially among the movie millionaires? Yet here she was apparently stepping swankily, living luxuriously.

Overcome with my hunch for an "I Have Changed" article, I hastened to talk with her. I'd never bothered before, because she's been noted for shunning interviewers as well as stars. And when she has spoken, it has been incessantly of husband Frank Fay.

Warners had no difficulty making an appointment for me, and this was one more wonder. The house was torn up and I had a momentary impression that it was a gigantic set about to be carted away.

I stood trying to figure out where the entrance was supposed to be. "Hello, there!" A cheery voice, emanating from a sweater-and-skirt girl lying on a bench alongside the swimming pool, greeted me. "I'm sorry that the house is such a mess," cried Barbara. "Come over here. We'll have to sit outside. But you should have seen it *last week*!"

She put down Priestly's "English Journey," which she'd been reading, and, devoid of any make-up, her dark-red hair brushed back nondescriptly, she appeared anything but actressy.

Stanwyck *has* changed. But not in the way I'd anticipated.

"You caught me in a weak moment," she laughed when I asked what the Mayfair frolic indicated. "That was the first Mayfair I've been to in three years. We

only went because Bill Beaudine, the director, was particularly anxious for us to join his crowd that evening.

"It wasn't so bad, but I certainly haven't gone social. When I first came to Hollywood no one was impressed by me. After I became known they still weren't. I guess I don't fit in." Which reverses the popular belief that fame brings flatterers.

"Not," she hurriedly added, "that I've any desire to fit in. However, I'm not aloof. We have our friends here, mostly people we knew on the stage back East. They aren't big shots so, according to Hollywood's rating, they don't count.

"I've given a couple of formal parties here at the house. When they were over all I felt was that I'd entertained a mob of 'names'—folks who didn't matter to me. I'd rather have my friends."

She explained the great building activity.

"I wanted to add five feet onto the baby's nursery so he'd have more sunshine. That cut the sun off from other rooms, which gave us the notion of enlarging them. Then I've always preferred interiors of paneled wood. Now that I have the money, why not have what I want?" Obviously her home is intended for her own comfort, and not as a publicity backdrop.

"Yes, when I landed here I did say I'd never buy a house. I'd been accustomed to show-life, living wherever my trunk was parked. I didn't know people really could have places like this."

In this respect, there is a new Stanwyck. She hasn't gone ritzy, but Hollywood money has changed her from a transient into a home-lover. To-day she revels in domesticity. Furthermore, this thrill of owning, of settling down, has affected her viewpoint about Hollywood.

She used to be decidedly antagonistic. Her two pet phrases when she came here were "I'll sock him!" and "I'll sue 'em!" She'd had to fight every step up the ladder from poverty to the position of being "somebody," and didn't comprehend compromise. Now she does.

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Photo by Longworth

"I guess I just don't fit in with Hollywood's social crowd," says Barbara, "but I'd rather entertain my own friends."

Old as ANCIENT EGYPT New as MODERN PARIS



alluring eye make-up

History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes . . . eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials . . . How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case . . . in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

MAYBELLINE, CHICAGO

Maybelline



THE APPROVED MASCARA

Always Exasperatin'

Continued from page 27

"I can't have any more lawsuits," she said to me. Experience has shown her it is smarter to keep cool. She no longer is distressed by Hollywood's attempt to mold its stars. She realizes that as soon as the movie colony sensed she wouldn't conform that the effort to influence her ceased.

She is ready to-day to accept interviews as part of the game and is making as few references to Frank Fay as possible. Not because she is any the less devoted, but because she has finally taken cognizance of the fact that continuous public harping on his virtues is tiresome. She is gradually learning that it is she who concerns her fans, although she has yet to develop any ego.

Her only worry is over screen rôles.

"I'll play anything. That is, anything of which I'm capable. I'm not finicky otherwise—except that I do want stories which are interesting to the average audience. I don't even care whether I thoroughly like it myself, so long as the audience will.

"I get some awful stories handed to me. And I kick and yell about 'em. I'm sure the studio is annoyed! Of course, I can object just so much and then I have to give in. But I don't until I feel the tomahawk raised over my head!"

Barbara grinned at me. She volunteered the information that the two words most suitable to her character are "always exasperatin'."

She has no intention of stirring up trouble. "I was born curious. Curious as to why, for instance, they can't give me better rôles. Curious on the sets as to why they do things certain ways. I don't try to tell 'em what to do when we've started production—I couldn't. I just ask questions. The streak's clear through me.

"It's the same with publicity. I'm downright sorry for writers who wish colorful articles about me. My life runs on so smoothly. The publicity department has all sorts of fantastic 'angles,' but I balk at any pose."

That our mental attitude controls our happiness was never more forcefully brought to my attention than by this check-up on Barbara as she is to-day. No star had a more miserable childhood than she, and ever since she scored in stellar fashion she has been up against Hollywood's silent judgment that she's outdistanced her husband.

As the nurse brought Dion Fay, her cute two-and-a-half-year-old adopted son out on the lawn to us, I glanced across at Joan Crawford's ménage and thought what a differ-

ence there is between these two ex-cabaret girls.

Barbara Stanwyck has not toiled to transform herself into a lady. She doesn't give a hoot for glamour, for gorgeous clothes, for the admiration of sophisticated men. She lacks both the wish and the ability to dramatize her personal self. She is surprisingly conservative in ideas and behavior. And yet, by some quirk, on the screen she is an intense, intuitive actress with remarkable talent.

She had a tougher youth than Joan. Those unfortunate yesteryears have left no bitter hangovers to spur her on, though. "I felt I was having bad breaks at the time; sure. But I soon got over it. How? Oh, I looked about and noticed plenty a lot worse off! You can take anything big if you want to!" In this strikingly modest manner she dismisses her early hardships.

She has not abandoned her native slang, nor learned to pretend. I sincerely doubt if she'll ever take her Hollywood prestige or herself "big."

I questioned her as to why she avoided premières. "They seem kind of silly, like graduation exercises! The stars say such asinine things when requested to speak on the radio. However, I really wish I'd do a picture myself that would be worth an opening. I'd be so proud I'd be down at the theater by seven o'clock so I wouldn't miss a thing!"

Stanwyck, at twenty-six, is a different woman from the defiant, puzzled girl who entered pictures five years ago. But instead of the customary physical blooming, hers has been a mental progress. She reiterated, "I have no regrets to blame on Hollywood. I've had to make no sacrifices. I am content."

And still, we all know the history of her struggle. How, parentless and destitute before she even was in her teens, she started her climb from Brooklyn's back streets to leading lady on Broadway. Only a strong, well-balanced character understands that everything's dependent on the way you size it up.

Loyalty is her dominant trait. What if she is too inarticulate to bare her heart?

On the blond Dion's tiny wrist I observed a gold bracelet. I bent over to note the inscription. The engraving read: "To our darling son, with love from mamma and daddy." Barbara Stanwyck eagerly pulled him into her arms, forgot me and her public, and with complete absorption began singing him a childish lullaby. Exasperatin' woman!